

THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

TLS

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THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THURSDAY 10 APRIL 1969 No. 3,502 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE

The Politics of Nostalgia



Bolingbroke: detail from the portrait by an unknown artist reproduced in Bolingbroke and his Circle. Surrounding him: left, Swift (above) and De-foe, right, Pope (above) and Gay.

English political ideas of the early eighteenth century have not attracted much attention. Unlike that of the late seventeenth century, they have not been the subject of a book. It is true that there have been many studies of the period, but none of them has been devoted to the politics of the time. This is a pity, for the politics of the early eighteenth century were of great importance. They were the politics of a time when the ideas of the late seventeenth century were being put into practice. They were the politics of a time when the ideas of the late seventeenth century were being put into practice. They were the politics of a time when the ideas of the late seventeenth century were being put into practice.

For lack of something better, writers on Bolingbroke have clung to the eighteenth-century notion that the most significant thing about Bolingbroke was his character. This in turn has led to a kind of pathetic fallacy: his ideas express in general terms what are merely personal grudges or self-serving political remedies; they represent little beyond their author's stringencies and ambitions. Only a handful of writers, past and present, some of them political scientists, several of them American or German, and all of them evidently free from the English

historiographical tradition on Bolingbroke, have treated his ideas in such general terms as his durable place in the Tory pantheon demands. Dr. Isaac Kramnick, a younger political scientist from Yale, has written *Bolingbroke and his Circle* on these lines. He rejects, on the one hand, the view that political ideologies are meaningless, and on the other, the usual moralizing inquiry whether Bolingbroke and his ideas were good or bad or right or wrong. He reads Bolingbroke's political writings as a reaction to a specific change that had occurred in his time. Those who opposed it or its consequences, namely, Bolingbroke and his circle (Swift, Pope, Gay, Lyttelton), had new set of views on economic and political matters; those who accepted it, the Walpole Whigs, De-foe, Mandeville, and assorted journalists and pamphleteers, had another. The change was the so-called financial revolution (c.1690-1750): the spectacular rise of public and private credit, of financial power and the financially powerful. It threatened to undermine the old aristocratic social and political order, with which Bolingbroke and his friends identified themselves. His defence against that threat constitutes the bulk of his political philosophy.

Since attack is the best defence if one is out of political power—as Bolingbroke was for thirty-seven years in his "house," journal, articles, and

imperfectly understood as the medium. For lack of something better, writers on Bolingbroke have clung to the eighteenth-century notion that the most significant thing about Bolingbroke was his character. This in turn has led to a kind of pathetic fallacy: his ideas express in general terms what are merely personal grudges or self-serving political remedies; they represent little beyond their author's stringencies and ambitions. Only a handful of writers, past and present, some of them political scientists, several of them American or German, and all of them evidently free from the English

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correspondence contain almost as much opposition, denigration, and lamentation as constructive or formal theorizing. But the critique is a most important part of the whole system; it is not just a side issue. Fashions from political power confirmed and gave substance to the diagnosis of the inhuman practices of the Whigs; it did not furnish its reasons, but only the reason for making it. Understandably, this line of distinction eluded the beneficiaries of the new order. Hence Horace Walpole's classic characterization of the letters of the Bolingbroke circle, which Dr. Kramnick quotes as "lamentations on the ruin of England, in that era of its peace and prosperity, from wretches who thought their own want of power as a proof that their country was undone."

Much of *Bolingbroke and his Circle* is the Tory hill of indictment of the new order. The sources are Bolingbroke's own writings, especially his political journal *The Craftsman*, and the works and letters of the Augustan literati. The Whig riposte is represented by the journals supporting Walpole and by Defoe and other writers. This documentation is enriched by interesting samples from the pamphleteers of the day. The main Tory complaints were against the growth and funding of the national debt, against paper money, stock-jobbers, speculators, and against the South Sea Company. The new economy had developed private life in avarice and public life in corruption; the "Robinocracy," Robert Walpole's system of government, was the consequence of these vices and the means of their perpetuation. The victims were the landed gentry. They were paid his by the 'tax, which paid for the Whig government's policy of war, and though they owned the real wealth of the country, they were politically oppressed by those who disposed of false, paper wealth. It was Bolingbroke's axiom—which is perhaps why Dr. Kramnick prints it in capitals, though he himself did not—that "the landed men are the true owners of our political vessel; the moneyed men, as such, are no more than passengers in it."

Bolingbroke *tout court* was the spokesman for the landed gentry. He made, Dr. Kramnick maintains, their discontent his cause, and might as well be called the political philosopher of the declining gentry. His remedy was to return to a paternal government, somewhat like that of

the Elizabethan age. The traditional loyalty of duty, love, and honour were to be paramount. The ancient bulwarks against tyranny were to be recovered: the Gothic or mixed constitution, and popular trust in the sturdy independence which birth, rank, and learning conferred upon the aristocracy alone. This Tory vision entailed a political order without liberalism and an economic order without capitalism—Dr. Kramnick's "Aristotelian" is not a bad term for it nor is he the first to pin it on Bolingbroke's system.

This, then, is the "Politics of Nostalgia" of the book's subtitle. It is elaborated in chapters on Bolingbroke's political theories, in relation to those of Hobbes, Locke, and others, and on the Augustan poets. There are Pope's condemnation of money and moneyed men and praise of hierarchy and subordination; Swift's corrosive version of Bolingbroke's critique in *Gulliver's Travels*, in the *Sermons and Tracts*; and a reading of *The Beggar's Opera*—the theatrical version of Bolingbroke's *Craftsmanship*, as a contemporary remarked—which identifies the sorry fate of the outlaws with that of the class whose eclipse Bolingbroke lamented. Dr. Kramnick's "gentry class" is not a rigid concept but denotes something like a social group sharing a common style and many of its interests with the nobility. In so far as these interests were opposed to those of the new commercial order, they had a radical dimension and could attract radical support. Nineteenth-century parties were to be taught this lesson by Bolingbroke's great admirer, Disraeli, but it was implicit from the start. John Gay of Bolingbroke's circle could write the *Beggar's Opera* from the right, remarks Dr. Kramnick, "but it could be used with few changes by Bertolt Brecht two centuries later, for the left."

If the thesis of *Bolingbroke and his Circle* is correct, we must henceforth see the Toryism which Bolingbroke bequeathed us in larger terms, as one side of the perennial confrontation of the traditionalist with the capitalist ethos. We might have to submerge the image of Bolingbroke the brilliant but shallow rhetorician, the *vox ex praeterea stultit*, and substitute the spokesman for tangible interests that felt themselves threatened by corruption and tyranny. This substitution, incidentally, would explain the phenomenon of the extensive influence of his writings with the American revolutionaries. It might lay to rest the received majority verdict, of which Laski's words are as representative as any:

The reputation of Bolingbroke as a political philosopher is something that our

age can hardly understand. It is difficult to know why, by any declaration was so long mistaken for profound thought. He and his circle, it is true, were, at bottom, no more than an attempt to generalize his animosity.

On the evidence Dr. Kramnick presents, he has made his case. And on other evidence too. Two recent, authoritative studies, larger and more detailed than his own relatively short book, which was finished before they appeared, bear favourably on his thesis. P. G. M. Dickson's *The Financial Revolution* (1967) undertakes its exhaustive study of the financial machinery to test and limit the alarmist charges made by its opponents; at the very least, it underlines the correctness of Dr. Kramnick's intuition in treating these charges not merely as important but as a watershed for the political philosophies of the time. More directly, Geoffrey Holmes's *British Politics in the Age of Anne* (1967) contains a judgment on Bolingbroke—as the voice of the Tory squintarchy in its resistance to the economic and political encroachments of the new rich—that comes closer to Dr. Kramnick's than those by older historians of party, who were less definite about the kind of Toryism for which Bolingbroke was spokesman.

However, Dr. Holmes also takes up problems raised by the acceptance of the landed-Tory versus moneyed-Whigs division. What, for example, are we to make of the landed gentry who supported the Whigs? And, we might add, what of Tory landowners like Sir Humphrey Mackworth—whose constitutional theories, we are told, Bolingbroke admired—who were themselves capitalists, speculators, or promoters? What of Bolingbroke himself, who, like others of his Tory friends and fellow directors of the South Sea Company, was involved in speculation and in promoting the interests of those members of the despised financier class who happened to be his friends? One might reply that Dr. Kramnick is not concerned with judging whether political ideas were held, so to speak, sincerely or insincerely, for that is a matter of interest to the biographer, but not to the political scientist. If it were otherwise, we might well be back to writing off Bolingbroke's political philosophy as generalized personal aims and having to explain why others who lacked the same motives held the same views. We might then take the argument to its logical conclusion and declare as

Leffie Stephen did: "Bolingbroke is interesting as a representative of the current insincerity of the time."

In sum, Dr. Kramnick's version of Bolingbrokean Toryism is exceptionally fruitful. However corrigible in detail it may turn out to be, it is unlikely to be shaken in its essentials. His scholarship is very persuasive and only rarely does the temptation to select what suits get the better of him. When it does, certain parallels and contrasts get overdrawn. The antithesis between the philosophy of Mandeville and that of the Bolingbroke circle is pressed too hard and overdone; some similarities between them, Dr. Kramnick's Defoe is strangely purged of all but Whig philosophizing, while it is true that Bolingbroke did not believe in Shaftesbury's moral optimism, he did not share Swift's misanthropy either and reproved him for it; the significance of the pejorative reference to Walpole as "prime minister" shrinks somewhat if we recall that his Tory predecessor, Harley, was tagged in quite the same manner. These are faults of enthusiasm to sustain a persuasive argument and tend to occur on the fringes only. The failure to correct a handful of errors, in wording, spelling, and citations, must be charged to the editors of the Harvard University Press rather than to the author of a first book.

In passing, Dr. Kramnick briefly but firmly corrects some of his predecessors' mistaken views. His point that H. C. Mansfield's *Statesmanship and Party Government* (1965) errs in interpreting Bolingbroke as a rationalist optimist is well taken. Maynard Mack's denial of Bolingbroke's influence on *An Essay on Criticism*, elaborated in the Twickenham edition of the poem, is also repudiated with cause. On the other hand, his rejection of his closest predecessor in the study of Bolingbroke's political philosophy, Kurt Kluxen's *Das Problem der politischen Opposition* (1956), is only partly justified. Kluxen's version of Bolingbroke's thought as a kind of moralized political psychology is not, as Dr. Kramnick seems to believe, the sole unmythical category in that densely learned book, nor does it make Kluxen's interpretation "idealist." This caveat is important, for Kluxen's and Dr. Kramnick's are two major alternative interpretations; yet, to use an over-simplified though intentional comparison, the difference between them is not so much like that between Hegel and Marx, but more neighbourly, like that

between Weber and Dilthey. Indeed, Dr. Kramnick has found help in his book with the one thing Bolingbroke, after a tedious re-examination of political and economic terms—namely, that he tends to follow properly established moral remedies for

It remains to be added that *Bolingbroke and his Circle* is written in a straightforward style, which, apart from the chapter on Defoe, is free of the literary devices of the first historical, jargon currently popular: with a few exceptions, it is true, it is not a political scientist's text. This need not be a criticism. Dr. Kramnick has assembled the evidence—his ideas in Augustan England—into a form that is not transformed by his material. Theoretical questions and their contemporary counterparts are not given. The only bow in the final chapter that tries to deal with the future of the Bolingbroke fits into them. Before this point is reached, the reader of *Bolingbroke and his Circle* will have been captured by the author's lively intelligence and skill in rearranging often familiar material into something new and different. That he includes essays on history, literature, and philosophy under one roof is a general history of Vietnam in the west, studied; it achieves, a complex of approaches even in the earliest subject, which, though not by means complete, gives the reader a sense of the combination of the social reform one hesitates to call "national socialism."

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Failure in Vietnam

by J. H. HENDER: *Vietnam: A Social History*. 555pp. Andre Deutsch, £4.4s.

by J. H. HENDER: *People's War*. 200pp. Allen and Unwin, £2.5s.

by J. H. HENDER: *No Exit from Vietnam*. 201pp. Chatto and Windus, 30s.

Mr. Girling's view of Asian communism closely resembles Mr. Butler's, though it is more positively expressed, in *People's War*. Starting with the civil war in China, it summarizes the communist revolts in Malaya, Philippines, Laos, and Indonesia, but concentrates on Vietnam. Half the text consists of quotations from the communist "classics" on revolutionary warfare, from other western writers when they support the author's case, or from American leaders caught rashly overstating the case for the defence. However, no definition of the common characteristics of "people's war" is distilled from this collection of what looks like reading notes; the book is silent on the tactics, whether military or political, by which it is fought. But how it always starts is that patriotic and underprivileged peasants are driven by intolerable conditions to take up arms of their own accord. (One wonders who left them lying around in the first place.)

This is no more than the conventional wisdom, and it could be argued that American official policy has been based on it. Yet, looking back on memories of the daily scene in Chinese villages before the communist revolution, it is not easy to picture young peasants making their way to Yenan solely because they felt oppressed by the Japanese invasion of far-away Manchuria. In a country as vast and complicated as China, there must have been more to it than Mr. Girling, confining himself to "Manchuria," does not even mention the May 4 Movement, has elicited.

In Vietnam, he gives more weight to the desire for land reform, but tells us nothing about the existing tenure of land. A question brought with pitfalls in Asia of whether a correlation has actually been established between oppressive tenancy and recruitment to the Vietcong. It is strange that tenants he says set so much store on owning the land they till should be laying down their lives voluntarily for collectivization. Moreover, Vietnamese historians tell us that, in the past as much as today, "land reform" has repeatedly stood for "liquidation." Mr. Girling's conclusion appears on the first page, oddly entitled "Apologia": it is that, in both China and Vietnam, America has had a duty to let the communists have their way, for all their "ruthlessness."

Blueprint for Nigeria

by AWOLOWO: *The People's Republic*. 350pp. Oxford University Press, £4.10s.

Chief Awoolowo was head of the government of Western Nigeria for seven years, and federal leader of the opposition for two. As well as being an experienced politician, he is a lawyer, and one more at the centre of Nigeria's military government. He is a period of eclipse following the fall of the first republic, and he is the leading politician (as well as soldier) in the federal government of a country split and racked by the Biafra war.

Because of his political experience, his views on the sort of constitution that would be suitable for Nigeria are taken seriously, though they do not seem to have made much obvious impact than the more expressed views of the late President, Dr. Azikiwe. Chief Awoolowo's constitutional blueprint divides the first two sections of the book into a series of chapters on the effects of British rule and the effects of the principles against which the blueprint plan must be set.

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to the conclusion that there exists in Vietnam a revolutionary force, some- how independent of particular revolutionaries, which the communists join whom he wastes no level have harnessed in detail of worthy patriot leaders. President Johnson's political disappointments were the fated, and deserved, retribution for blindly failing to range America's might on the side of the angels.

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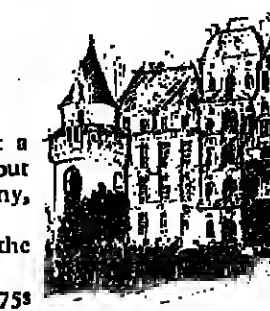
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Gaudí in his ambience

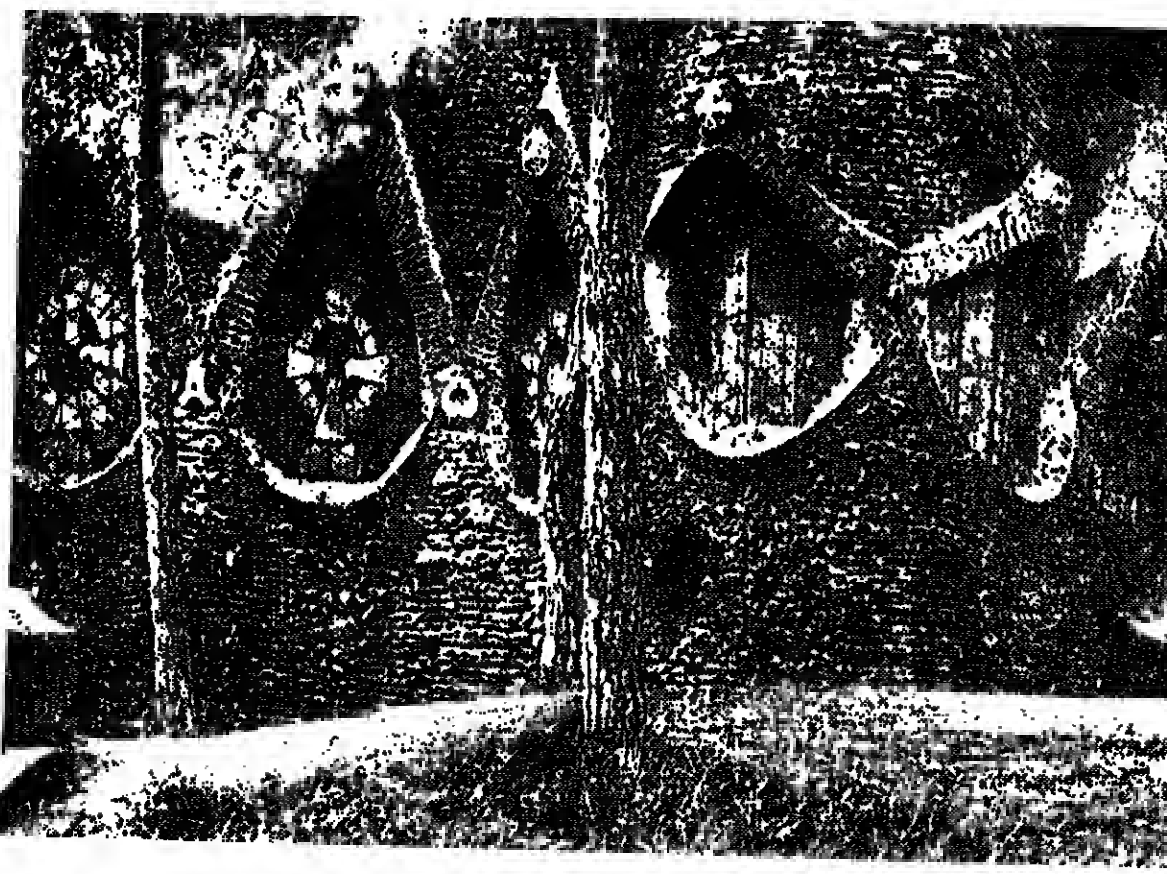
ORIOL BOHIGAS (text) and LEONILLO POMÉS (photographs): *Arquitectura modernista en Catalunya. Introducción* by Bruno Zevi. 330pp. Barcelona: Editorial Lumen. 2,400 ptas.

Architecture modernista in Catalunya is not what we might expect it to be. When we speak of modern architecture, we mean the style created by a few between 1900 and 1914 and reaching international validity in the 1930s. This could be *modernisme* in Spanish as well. But when we speak of modernistic—or, as some say, *modernista*—we think of the French pronunciation—we think of Paris, 1925 or the style *du dénouement*. *Modernisme* in Catalunya, however, is the style of Gaudí, or Domènech and Riera, and Puig y Cadafalch and forty more whose dates and major works appear at the end of Oriol Bohigas's sumptuously illustrated quarto. So it is essentially Art Nouveau and Arts and Crafts, and it died up with the First World War.

Oriol Bohigas is one of the best architects in Spain, winner three times of the F.A.I. prize for the best building of the year at Barcelona. He is a clear thinker and a careful, never far from political trouble. He used to teach at the School of Architecture, but he teaches no more.

Arquitectura modernista is not a complete surprise in England; for there are of course several books, scholarly or just enlightening, on Gaudí, or on Domènech and Riera. *The Architectural Review* has had well-illustrated essays in December, 1967, and December, 1968—one by Oriol Bohigas himself, the other by David Mackay, his partner. The present volume has a short but wide-ranging foreword by Bruno Zevi and an illustrated chronology from 1878 to 1926, the year of Gaudí's death; the first picture showing Gaudí in 1878 but rather in 1926, and the last the fabulous four spires of the transept of the Sagrada Família. At the bottom of each annual column of the chronology is a list of architectural events outside Spain, and at the end of the book are chronologies of forty-four architects.

But the nucleus of the book is the



Sta. Coloma de Cervelló, a Gaudí church in the Colonia Güell outside Barcelona.

photographic record characteristically called "Ambiente": 259 illustrations, totally uncaptioned, but with a fold-out page at the end giving the necessary information. Then at last Bohigas starts: he calls his text "Definición". It is illustrated too, and here ample plans are part of the illustrations. That one has to look up pictures in three different places is a bit of a nuisance in a quarto tome, but the pictures are worth it, both as documentation and photographically. "Ambiente" is the centrepiece of the book and is not strictly architectural: it contains a good deal of townscape, that *Arquitectura Review* speciality which has caught on remarkably in Spain. But there are also plenty of outstanding details, which one needs to get the feel of this singular, florid,

mostly curvaceous but sometimes

in fact it is not one style at all. There is first of course Gaudí, towering above the rest. The book confirms—and Oriol Bohigas's text, though going over familiar ground, confirms it too—that nothing has tired. Then there are Gaudí's followers: the men of the parabolic arches, especially Moneull. But the men of the three-dimensional geometrical brick-patterns also follow Gaudí, i.e. his first house, the Casa Vicens, begun in 1878, though Gaudí in this case followed the French (Boussillat's) church at Masny, for instance, recently illustrated in *The Architectural Review* of 1964. Among the brick buildings of this type Domènech's exhibition restaurant is the most impressive, though on the whole Oriol Bohigas tends to overestimate him, even the gargoyles, but more conventionally Art Nouveau Palace of Catalan Music of 1915-8. On the

other hand the text is a little Berenguer. His wine cellar, etc., as during as Gaudí in the sense and, moreover, amazingly up to these years of Schöen and Otto.

Other trends of the Gaudí are the free medievalizing of the

Cadaqués—no wonder in a

as he was the most disingenuous

architecture—and an eclectic

somewhat undisciplined freedom

cognate to that of Italy

also of France. Very

sionally the Voysey style

have carried inspiration

Masó, a house of 1914 and

occasionally also the Vienna

L. P. Calvet, a house probably

1912). But essentially Barcelona

the whole line preferred Art

to anything more rational.

As *Arquitectura modernista*

there is more of it in Barcelona

in any other city, including

where it has not been as

and ought to be. Barcelona

on the proud of the work Oriol

has done and of the

evocation by Leopoldo Font

small omission may be noted

at Bohigas writes: "The first

article [on Gaudí] seems to be

by Nik Tesh (Byggnadsen)

1948." That is not so: it is

Watt's in *The Architectural*

67, 1930, and one cannot recall

Bohigas, for overlooking it

silence about Roberto

volume on Gaudí which came

1964 (Edizioni Comunità) is

more puzzling.

A preview of Dystopia

EVGENI ZAMYATIN: *Mr. 223pp. Litu. 31pp. New York: Inter-Language Literary Associates. 53 each. Poverst i raskaz. 32pp. Munich: Tsentrulnoye Obyedineniye Politscheskikh Emigrantov iz S.S.R.*

The number of utopian (including anti-utopian) novels is sufficiently small for them to offer a ready-made category, and this can be a critical trap. Zamyatin is an author who has suffered from the quick placement of his best-known work. *My (1920)*, alongside Huxley's *Brave New World* and Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

The comparison with Orwell is valuable, provided one sees it as a process of discriminating levels and degrees of similarity and dissimilarity rather than as the assimilation of the two authors to one ready-made category. Indeed there is a case for saying that it is the authors themselves rather than the two anti-utopians which one should compare, since they show such remarkable similarities outside these particular works. One should ask why the two men came to choose the same form of novel rather than merely list what the two novels have in common.

To start with, one must allow that any novel of the future written in the modern period will contain scientific paraphernalia, and that anything written after 1917 which shows some interest in the social organization rather than the mere scientific techniques of the future will find it difficult to ignore the aims or experience of the Russian Revolution. Thus a superficial resemblance can be expected which may or may not in particular cases be evidence of the same preoccupation.

Zamyatin was surely right when, in his excellent essay on H. G. Wells, he saw the utopian novel as a kind of fairy-tale, fantastic in arrangement but made out of the specific trees and animals and countryside of its place of origin. *We* was written in the starving Petrograd of 1920 (it was not published in Russia until 1927, when it appeared in the émigré paper, *Vozda Rossi*, in Prague, and it has never been published in Russia at all). It is the ideas of the time that it reflects. The material conditions were incomparably worse than those of immediate postwar England in which Orwell wrote, or indeed of wartime London which he is said to have had in mind when writing. Yet the totalitarianism which Zamyatin imagines is one of material perfection and plenty, while Orwell's is a totalitarianism of shortages, very much as can still be found in the Soviet Union.

On the other hand both authors agree very closely on the totalitarian structure. Zamyatin's Benefactor is Orwell's Big Brother; the Guardians are not too far from Orwell's Thought Police and Inner Party combined. Of course Orwell had the benefit of having read Zamyatin (in French), but he also had the benefit of having the fully developed Stalinist state before him as a model. Zamyatin was writing in 1920 on the basis of his personal fears and of the philosophic arguments advanced by some writers for total submission to a party which did not yet fully enforce that submission.

The fact is that Zamyatin was

writing on a much more philosophic plane than Orwell. His book is built from the idea of his time and place. Let us imagine, he says, an unspecified country in the far future when the promised material progress will have been achieved, when equality will have been achieved (for there are no signs in 1920 of the special privileges which Orwell's Inner Party have), above all a society in which reason and scientific method have triumphed—and what do we find? A prison, a world which, because finally ordered, is static and thus denies what Zamyatin advances as the supremely human characteristic—the urge to improve, overturn, go on and make new, a theory of permanent (or rather infinite) revolution in fact, though formulated philosophically rather than politically.

Orwell's Newspeak England is still English, still class-divided (more rigidly than ever) and deening, but now terrorized by a system which applies totalitarian ruthlessness to the task of holding people down. All you need, he seems to say, is a small extension of our present concentration of state power and the worship of this power by intellectuals, a slight sharpening of focus, and our present world will turn into this nightmare. The date set is near to us and the futuristic references are props placed strategically to give the illusion of the future; these Orwell was often glad to take from Zamyatin. Thus *Nineteen Eighty-Four* opens with a clock striking thirteen. A little farther into *We* a clock strikes seventeen.

Whereas for Orwell science was part of the stage machinery with the assumption made that like every

other form of free inquiry it would be snuffed out by totalitarianism, for Zamyatin it is an important theme. He was an engineer and had in fact missed the February revolution through being in England supervising the construction of ice-breaking ships, some of which are said to be still in service in the Soviet Union. In the early 1920s a writer with a scientific training suffered special temptations to throw in mathematical references or indeed to write his some literary formula analogous to something in the exact sciences. These were the days in Russia when orchestras imitated the sounds of machinery, and there is no doubt that the scientific element is sometimes felt as intrusive in Zamyatin, but more in one or two of the short stories and literary essays than in *We*.

The scientific future both attracts Zamyatin—by its ordered beauty, the sun on the glass walls, the well-laid-out streets—and repels him by its deadly completeness. The space ship Integral, on which the hero of *We* is working, is described as a thing of great beauty with power to break through the capsule of our world into the unknown. But, as the name implies, it is to be used to bring life in other parts of the universe into harmony with life on this earth, either by persuasion or by force. Glass or crystal is a dominant image, expressing the perfection, the beauty but also the artificiality, the transparency, the mineral lifelessness of the scientifically organized future.

Certainly, as the novel approaches the end it is implied that further scientific advance will be unnecessary once full rational perfection is achieved;

but there is no suggestion that science cannot advance within a closed system, which is what Orwell assumes. For Orwell only a pseudo-science can flourish under totalitarianism, and his hero goes on muttering to himself that after all two and two do make four. Against a narrow rationalism which can give scientific, but not human advance Zamyatin asserts the endlessness of science: the last number in mathematics is something that cannot be said.

Yet if the two men differ in their approach to ideas, as personality types they show remarkable similarity. In each the emotions are strong but lie deep down under a layer of inhibition. Zamyatin's nickname, "the Englishman" was earned not merely because he had spent some time in England, had published translations of Wells and Sheridan, had written two satires about the English in a novel called *The Fishers of Men*, the latter included in the selected stories, *Poverst i raskaz*, but because people detected a certain formality and coldness of manner by Russian standards, at least on the surface. Neither his novels nor his stories score by their humanity; there is not the warm life which we have come to expect out of Russia. Nor was Orwell very good at showing forth the passions of human beings. In both *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and *We*, the heroes draw strength to rebel from the remnants of an older, more instinctive world, represented by an old house, a world where people loved each other for no reason except that they did, since this was what being human meant. This humanity is admired, as it were, from afar.

An Oriental Visitor

To n bell in Lincoln Cathedral
A butterfly out of the fens
Of Lindsey has ascended
Up labouring steps of air
And there, exhausted, it sleeps
Furiously clinging. In
Lincolnshire are no
Fireflies, more's the pity!

Had one of them dished there, what
Delirious ringing
Over the railway yards
And the level-erasing
And the factoria making tremors,
And the rainwater on the mud-
Intense! What
Spring of a cypripedium
To carve off equidical

To the thunderhead it calls
"Avant!"—who long high unrow
Pole-pouant carried in rain-squall.

The specimen are gone. And for those
With tufted lances, only
The tossing pinnas-grass.

Too tomb of Ateuani, and
Not one cherry-tree
To stand against it!

When she bites at the arid
Perambles of Japan,
It is that from the oldest
Wooden building in the world
A bell begins to clang.

Cloud-trout, breather of mist...
A skylark goes up
Into its element, singing.

And as for singing, the
School of the skylark and
The school of the frog dispute.

Meanwhile the one
Pursues in the world, the moon,
And the numberless stars dispute
The dark green of the heavens.

And the clouds pile
White curtains southward
From where we stand.

And the artery of the town is
A slow-flowing stream between alders
Though quivering wires cross-cross it

And though the wintry river
Receives the abandoned dog's
Stiffening cadaver.

Moon-rise at evening; and
An ancient plum-tree draps
This year's first blossom on
A foreign girl's guller.

DONALD DAVIE

MICHAEL GRANT THE ANCIENT MEDITERRANEAN

This region is the source of most of our civilisation and heritage; and yet hardly ever is it written about as a single unit or entity. As Dr Grant shows, such an approach will bring out truths and unfamiliar aspects which more limited accounts have not revealed. He sets out to show how each successive Mediterranean culture was actually affected and guided by the specific features of its geographical environment and examines the enormous debt owed by the Mediterranean cultures to people living further east.

32 pp. illus. 19 maps 65s. Publication 1 May

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Backbench Bagehot

THE PART played in the history of the two nations by the authors is remarkably similar. Both men reach for some powerful emotion which is accessible to them, and in both the gates finally close upon the instinctive world. One is left asking whether both Zamyatin and Orwell did not choose to write the future as a way of losing themselves in human history, still defending the idea of history, and one could point to their mutual backgrounds and see their work as those of men who can be people but not of them. This has some validity but should be taken dispassionately.

Yet the strong tension which stops the flow of creative ideas of the mechanics of ordinary humanity can be seen in their strength when it comes to writing. The emotion is not required to flow in dialogue but forced out memorably in the stress of an argument. Several essays in *Libra* (first published in 1931) establish Zamyatin as a master of the novel form. The similarity of the two men, where they occur—both in Dickens, both pointing out the markable since there is no other strength to rebel from the remnants of an older, more instinctive world, where people loved each other for no reason except that they did, since this was what being human meant. This humanity is admired, as it were, from afar.

In 1931, following his "Letter to Stalin", Zamyatin was allowed to leave the country and died in 1937. To anyone who now reads his essay, "Ya Boyus" ("I am a Boy"), originally published in the *Don Iskusstvo* in 1920, it is a pity that he lived so long. He was arrested in 1922, but was released through the intervention of influential friends. The charges came with the tightening of the regime in 1929, it was almost certainly Gorky who secured his release abroad in 1931.

After his departure the Russian writer became a man who spoke of suffering, wrote in parables and fantasies, turned to poetry and to the consolation of the human relationships. Zamyatin's voice has a curious quality, frank, even arrogant ring; his essays are critical praise at its best. Orwell called the product of his restless centuries. For the time being, therefore, Zamyatin appears in heretic to type he greatly disdains "the salt of the earth"; the life of the universe is sustained by them, not only politically but by the best of Russian tradition, the novel-writing. But when the security and self-confidence of the intelligentsia achieves a certain stability, the man who can again become the Mithras found during his 1931 edition of *We* (which follows the published in New York in 1931) find its way into the Soviet Union. It is a pity that no translation of his work has been published in this country, that the two English translations of his work, the *Body Politic* and *The English Constitution*, are now out of print. It is also a pity that no translation of his work has been published in this country, that the two English translations of his work, the *Body Politic* and *The English Constitution*, are now out of print.

With a profound insight, which owes much to a practising politician's apprehension of the British work less through institutional arrangements of any kind than through the intensity of human relationships, Mr. Gilmour argues, that nowadays it is impossible to give a simple answer to the question, "Where does power lie?" or even to "What is power?" Power lies in different places at different times and in different degrees according to the circumstances and the personalities involved.

The electorate, the Parliamentary Labour Party, the Labour Party's national executive or annual conference, the House of Commons as a whole—none of these do or could govern. They are among the various levels at which those who govern must establish different degrees of consent, and so long as that consent is won the government can govern in a manner the Greeks would have regarded as oligarchic. The Prime Minister must carry the consent of his Cabinet; the Cabinet must be sustained by the consent of the majority in the House of Commons; that majority must hold the consent of the party in the country and also of the electorate. Granted consent, virtually no British institutions, Mr. Gilmour concludes, are able to say No to the executive.

Unlike some commentators on the recent workings of the British political system, Mr. Gilmour, who as a backbench feel, and applies some of the human pressures that are so important at Westminster and in Whitehall, recognizes the exceptional efforts that executives make to gain consent. By using all the sanctions of the party system, executives could get away with murder. Instead, Prime Ministers like Harold Macmillan or Harold Wilson, both strong and crafty party managers, have gone to remarkable lengths to persuade the majority on which they depend; and when their attempts at persuasion fail they sometimes change course or timing. Prime Ministers and Cabinets are always afraid of their own strength, because its arbitrary use would be self-destroying, sooner or later.

Or, as *The Body Politic* puts it, "The British government is not free of res-

personal, not public and institutional, the resultant conflicts do not give government the power and energy to do difficult and unpopular things. The concentration of constitutional power in the government does not produce political power. Public opinion comes up the backstairs and takes command.

That is well said.

And there, finds Mr. Gilmour, is the rub. Prime Ministers and the executives they choose and direct possess what parliamentary reformers hold to be an excessive totality of power, yet the history of Britain since 1918 suggests the presence of flaws in the system's operation. Governments have failed to act, or acted too late, and have been reluctant or unable to use their power. Power leaks away. Governments that could be strong are left weak.

Why? Mr. Gilmour's answer is not plausible. He reasons that the constitutional victories of the executive have been pyrrhic.

There have been too many heavy cost in political power. All free governments depend upon public opinion, and the constitutional supremacy of the executive, by cutting down public conflict and facilitating the imposition of secrecy, has deprived it of adequate means of influencing public opinion. Despite or because of the executive's constitutional victory, therefore, the two-party system and disciplined parties, general elections, the House of Commons, the Civil Service all provide as much restraint as impetus to action.

Mr. Gilmour wants strong as well as stable government, and he passionately believes that it cannot be achieved until governments open up the arguments by abandoning secrecy and thereby expose themselves to public opinion. He wants to escape from government by public relations to government by conflict.

Although the demand for strong government is the vogue with contemporary Bagehots, it is not clear what is meant. Mr. Gilmour, for instance, says no more than that the advocacy of stronger government amounts merely to a plea that decisions should be taken in time, and that governments should occasionally see what is going to happen. That sounds like a normal description of efficiency.

He mentions the lost opportunity to go into Europe as an example of indecisive government. What are the facts? Attlee and the Labour Party flinched from it. Churchill was romantically a redeemer of Europe but not a practical European. Sir Anthony Eden as Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister had no faith in it. The Foreign Office for years opposed it, and the Treasury was unconvinced. No government was ready for it until Harold Macmillan and Sir Frank Lee, a senior civil servant, came into combination. Until after the 1959 general election, executives exerted strength in resisting the European movement.

Take a domestic decision. Presumably a strong government would have plunged ahead with the plan to build London's third airport at Stansted and forestalled the public controversy that caused the decision to be reassessed. But in a free country it is not discreet, possibly obligatory, to go through the slow processes of inquiry and consultation, and through the no less slow processes of parliamentary pressure? Executives can be strong and prompt in error as well as in good policies.

Yet, Mr. Gilmour argues, there are no dangers if government's bring public business out of the secret dark into the light of day.

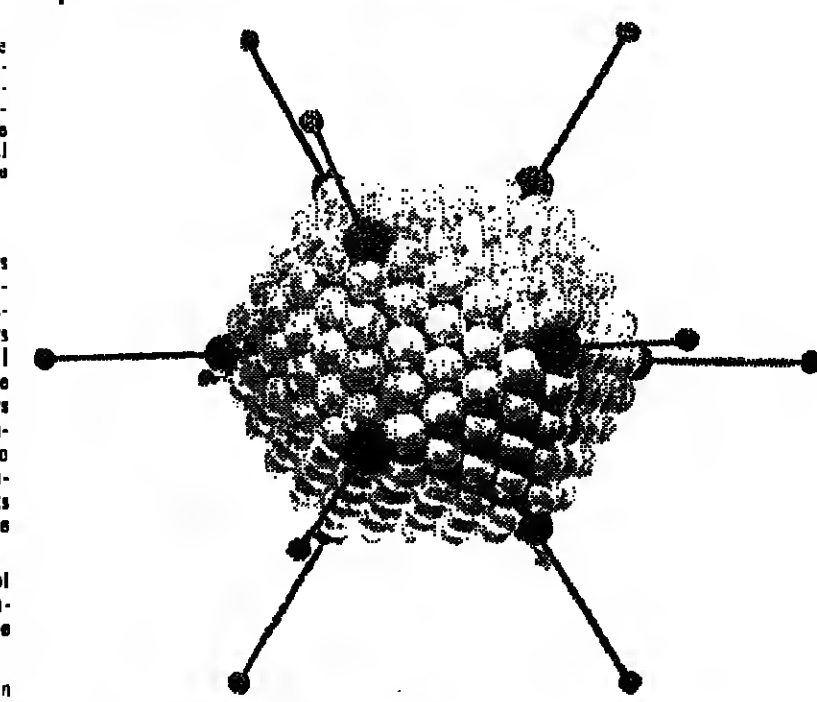
Only if the executive abandoned the dogma of its unity and infallibility, and the public administration were made genuinely public, could Parliament fulfil its function (the House of Commons in the 19th century) and only by such conflict and debate could the executive make itself genuinely strong.

He sees too much agreement and compromise in British government. Absence of conflict causes governmental flabbiness.

That there is far too much secrecy in government practice is everywhere accepted. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Heath, at any rate to theory, agree. The Official Secrets Acts, which silence civil servants or put them at risk of being reviewed. The House

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Adila and Jelly

vivisection, for when he played Beethoven what he played was his own analyses of the sonatas. London critics are not in the habit of ganging

up against artists; rather they mostly tend to keep their ideas to themselves till they are in print. Instead of treating a concurrence of view as "almost a conspiracy", it would be a wiser course to consider whether there might not be some substance for the criticism.

Yet if Mr. Macleod is fallible on music he is an excellent biographer, even to the planning of his dual narrative. There were three d'Aranyi sisters born in Hungary, all three trained in music, though the middle one, Hortense Eutilla, married herself out of it to Sir Ralph Hawtrey, the economist; grand-nieces of Joachim, Adeline and Jelly became eminent English violinists and made themselves widely loved in English society by sheer gifts of character and personality. They died in Italy respectively in 1962 and 1966.

This composite biography is designed in four parts, the first dealing with their youth in Budapest and their settlement in England up till the end of the First World War, the second with Jelly's spectacular career in which the curious story of the revival of Schumann's violin concerto is set out from the violinist's point of

In the jungle

a play group. The Sicilians are bred in the tradition of *commedia dell'arte*, the Poles, even the Jews, no match for these products of the

ducts of Sicily and not even the products of the Chicago of the *Sinclair's Jungle*? Mr. Denis M. Smith has lately told us that the Sicilians in Sicily blamed the guns of the power and ruthlessness of the *Honoured Society* on the reason "American", although he adds that the seven-foot shotgun was a national weapon in the island. L'Amleco does not discuss the fact that the first fame of the seven-foot gun, the Thompson sub-machine gun, was won in Ireland when it "spit its names" in the rebellion

John Landesco knew that Sicilians or even Irish society was not necessarily a matter of guns. The Italian, Sicilian and mainlanders alike, the religious, family standards to defend the honour of their women as part of their society to which the *omertà* also applied. Part of the folkways of all ethnic groups would need to honour the dead. It was at the funerals of the most important members of a tribe, hence, that

gratin" of political Chicago was to be seen and listed. (As there is no adequate index to *Organized Crime in Chicago*, some readers may think that the Congressman J. W. Rainey who was an honorary pall bearer at the funeral of Big Jim Colosimo was the future Speaker Rainey. He was not. But two more important politicians

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links between eminent politicians, judges, lawyers. Cardinal Mundelein might deny the Catholic gangster a church funeral but the state honoured those whom the church condemned. Murder was endemic and profitable, and, as a kind of protest against the pompous righteousness of the Wasp, many more humble citizens were "all for Al Capone".

For that is, the representative name. Landevoy showed how gangs often grew out of "play groups" (the more or less harmless antics of adolescent youth easily passed into more veritable sports, racing,

The indifference of most of our readers to recent criticism of their Mayors is made explicable, if not defensible, in this fascinating document.

To mark the centenary of Adolf Stifter's death last year, Ludwig Stiller has published *Adolf Stifter - Studien und Interpretationen* (Heidelberg, 350pp., DM49.80). The contributors are such distinguished Germanists as Emil Schlegel, Ryo Pascal, J. P. Mern, Eric Blackall and Franz Mautner. Included is some unpublished text relating to the following:

Not good sense

orchestration. His musical examples
p. 100 show that even the rhythmic

English opinion, as contrasted with Italian or French, has never been enthusiastic about Bellini even when conceding him a unique distinction.

melodic line, but whenever singing appears with the voice and style of a suit him—of whom Miss J. C. Sutherland is the most recent example, the operas are found to have life in them, even though their absurdity is hard to tolerate. This perhaps is where the rub comes: Mr. Orrey quotes with apparent approval the composer's aesthetic that "a good drama is the one that does not make ground serve." This is the Italian heresy in an act form invented by the Italians themselves, the *dramma per musica*, and it has cropped up more than once in history—usually with

But the best thing in *The Messiah* is *Idadeya*. The discussion of hymns in the old, The English hymn is as different in English as the English in the discussion of the English in the church, the English public house and the English public house. English musical history is full of little self-contained episodes, such as the effluence of the Intimate style, the ballad opera, the folk-song revival. Dr Routley, by taking a rather longer period of time than that occupied by any of these comparatively short episodes, has written a chapter about the darker period of our musical life, which is at the same time a sympathetic study of a remarkable family

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Party piece

ward works by her contemporaries and the virginalists. Her appearance was stilling a photograph, some-

duced in *A Bundle of Time* shows a real beauty—and she had a chaste-seeming sexuality that appealed to elderly men, as countless letters and episodes here narrated testify: these sentimental friendships with the eminent were fertilized by her alert mind, though some of the letters are embarrassing when thrust into the public eye. Yet permission has been given to reproduce them and therefore they are to testify to the actuality of what might otherwise seem to be something seen through the gilded haze of retrospection.

She had her share of troubles, but except for the bombing of her home and the threat of tuberculosis, she does not let them figure prominently in her narrative. Perhaps had she done so the golden haze would not have been quite so thick. We do, however, get an occasional musical insight and one document quoted in full—a letter from Dorothy Thompson, the American journalist, on the state of Germany at the beginning of the Nazi regime—makes the blood run colder now than it did at the time when the facts it relates were hardly credited in this country.

By way of pop

ceeding with some musical history, quoting Marins Schneider and Paul Lang, to the quotation and discussion

This little book resolutely and skilfully tackles a big educational problem: the recent solidification of adolescents into a separate class society—brought about in part by mass communications and in part by factors which have added a new problem to the teacher's task. Especially the music teacher's, Mr Swanwick is quite clear on his value, but is convinced that the old attitude of excommunicating what used to called popular music in the bad sense—bad art, that is, the sentimental, the cheap, the vulgar—will not do, that it will alienate the pupil, that it will negatively obstruct the appreciation of the good.

He tackles his problem both from the philosophical and the practical viewpoint. The reader who is new to the subject is confronted by the extraordinary experience of beginning with an aesthetic discussion of the nature of music quoting Suzanne Langer and Carl Seashore and pro-

ceeding with some musical history, quoting Marjorie Selinger and Paul Lang, to the quotation and discussion of specific examples of pop music taking in on the way some sociology and psychology. The same reader may be surprised to learn that children do not like jazz, but that they can discriminate in the fields both of pop and classical music, once allowance is made for the pressure of fashion.

Mr. Swanwick' while advocating the use of pop for teaching, discriminating against the corruption of it by commercial pressures. He shows quite rightly that there has always been "low" music of pure entertainment value and "high" music that gives less ephemeral satisfactions, but argues, again rightly, that the division is more acute today than ever before—not only because of the alienation of the adolescent but also because of the tendency of modern serious music to leave its own adult audience out of its calculations. His analyses of the situation and of the music are accurate and his approach to practical solutions of the present difficulties sane.

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Confidence

When Lord Campbell began publishing his biographies of deceased judges, and Chief Justices, a senior occupant of the Bench observed that "a new horror had been added to death". And there is, it must be admitted, something disagreeable about the idea of the potential biographer, in the capacity of a friend, memorializing the old gentleman's talk, marking his virtues and weaknesses—all for the sake of glory reflected from a sun that is about to set. "The game is up," Hudson has told all, ran the decoded telegram in the Sherlock Holmes story, and its recipient went down like a pole-axed ox.

There have been two recent cases in which the ethical problems of biography have come forthrightly to the surface of discussion—Lord Moran's *Winston Churchill: the Struggle for Survival*, and Mr. William Manchester's account of the death of President Kennedy. The central issues have still more recently engaged the attention of Professor J. L. Clifford in an essay entitled "How Much Should a Biographer Tell?" in *Studies in Eighteenth-Century Biography* edited by Philip B.

Dagblin. 12pp. Indiana University Press (American University Publishers Group, £2 14s. net), and of Professor Douglas Hubble in his Oser lecture, delivered last summer to the Faculty of the History of Medicine and Pharmacy (published in *Medical History*, Vol. XIII, No. 1). In both cases the discussion is set in the context of Samuel Johnson, who was at the same time a thinker on the problems of biography and one of the first subjects of the kind of modern biography which scandalizes by its authenticity. And yet, as he said himself, "it is not improper to take honest advantages of prejudice, and to gain attention by a celebrated name".

Professor Clifford is inclined to solve the ethical problem robustly by pointing to "the harder way" as the right course for the biographer: "He will have the displeasure of his own day and live in hopes of eventual recognition". Professor Hubble does not express a preference as such, but his analysis of Moran's motives and character points in the same direction. "Moran," he says, "intent only on his great achievement, had considered these objections for grounds of confidence in publication, but . . . had set them aside". The interesting feature of both these observations is that the interest of the biographer—in one styled "recognition" and in the other "achievement"—is treated as uppermost. But are there any other people who, feelings apart, have rights to an ethical, not a legal kind in this matter?

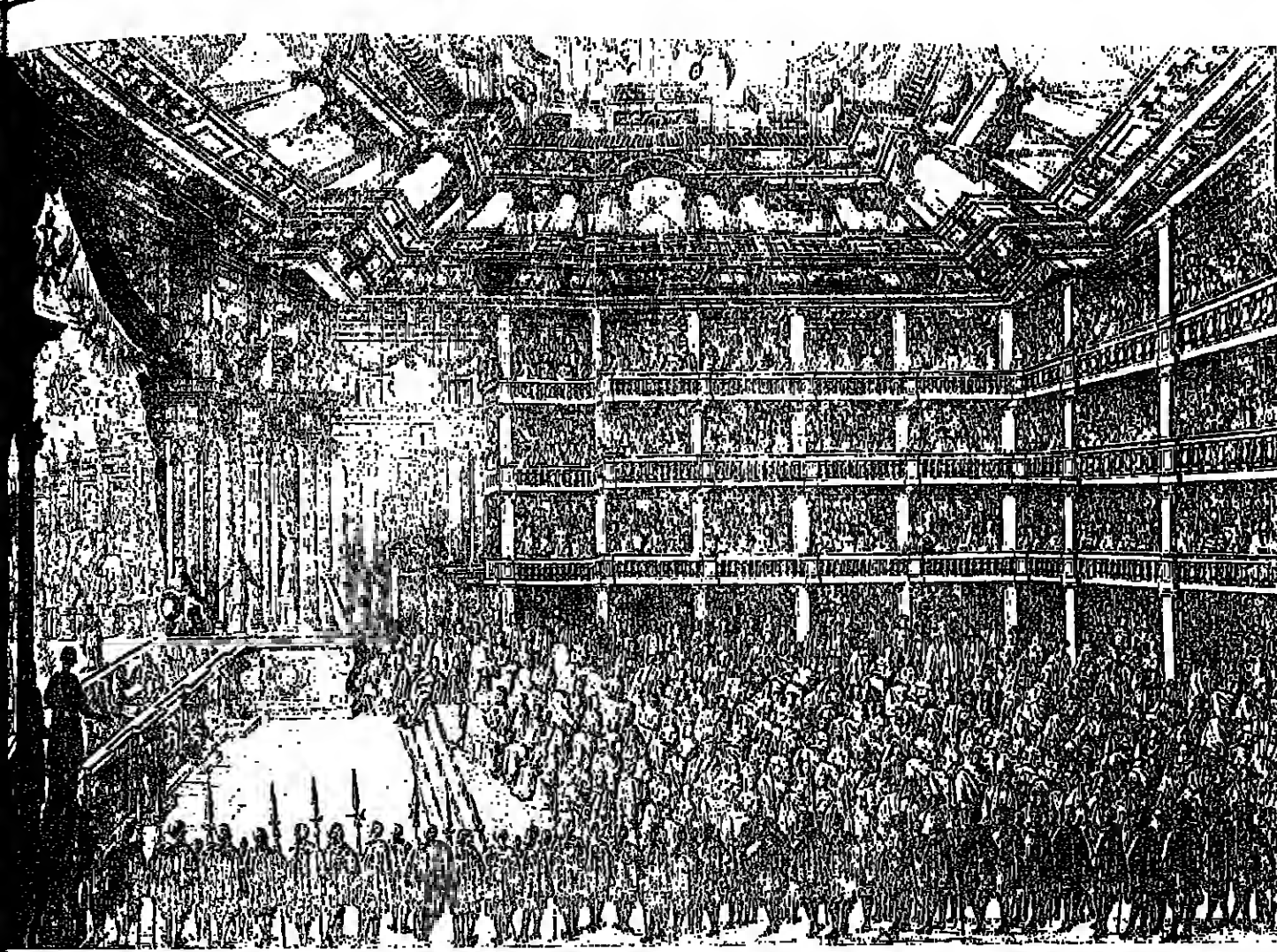
It is certainly not the case—confidence being a two-sided thing—that every seal of confidence placed by a man during his lifetime expires with his death. Many undoubtedly do, including most of those he, like all

of us, has imposed solely in his own interest and for the sake of his own good name. But some seals are not set entirely for these reasons. They may have been imposed, wholly or mainly, for the benefit of others: for example, a decision not to tell a son the true particulars of his birth. In such cases, while it might be for others, it is hardly for the biographer to question the dead man's judgment and expose the secret. The important thing is that each life is part of a tissue of confidences which extend to many lives, and it is only when all those lives have ceased that some degree of ethical obligation to maintain the confidence finally vanishes. The biographer has at any rate an obligation to consider the motives which caused his subject to keep something quiet, and to give some measure of respect to those motives which regard others.

But if the doctrine is pushed to extremes there would be grave losses to literature and to the enrichment derived by society from knowing what its great men were like. If John Morley and Moneybags and Buckle are allowed to hold the fort until Sir Philip Magnus and Mr. Robert Blake flourish two or three generations later, conclusive work in biography must necessarily be done by those who depend on documentary evidence only. However much one may deplore the mental note-taker's attitude in the society in which he lives, the best biographers are those who have known their man in life. It is because of their intimacy, and because of their own desire for "recognition" and "achievement" in the person of their heroes, that the Boswells and Manxons succeed in making those heroes live again. As Johnson himself said, "the incidents which give excellency to biography are of

a volatile and evanescent sort, as soon escape the memory, rarely transmitted by tradition. The matter can, perhaps, be solved on these lines. During an intended biography, the subject's life should be as open as possible, and the biographer should feel ashamed if he is not actually engaged in it. But it is probably the net in which to obtain the living about a great man. A quite separate set of problems arises when the biographer is called upon to write whether to include particular information which would have been disclosed during the subject's lifetime. Here there are strictly legal considerations, and he is reasonable to consider the subject's own motive for confidence, and how far that confidence is meant to protect the feelings of survivors. Equally, it is an unethical biography which allows himself to be too posthumously vindictive, and to half a crown in Johnson's case, the blindfold which the man loaded.

This is perhaps only to say that Johnson said that each man should be judged on his merits, and among the merits, will, of course, be the fame, and the kind of life enjoyed by the subject of the biography. A public man cannot expect minute scrutiny, either in life or death, and the more public a career has been, the more exacting the biographer to describe, and out, the whole man. But to do fame entitles the biographer to gather to disregard confidence, because confidentiality makes a life possible.



Conclusion of a performance of *Il pinto d'oro* by the composer Francesco Saverio in the Hofburg in 1668.

FROM SCHRAMMELMUSIK TO SERIAL MUSIC

LOUIS GARTENBERG: *From his Musical Heritage*. 262pp. Pennsylvania State University Press. (American University Publishers Group) £4 1s.

Vienna was a gay city. In fact, it was not. One need not subscribe to the racial theories of Toynbee and Houston Stewart Chamberlain to perceive that Vienna was a melting-pot in which the elements fused uneasily together. Italian and Bohemian, Hungarian and German, Slavak and Croat and Slovene, not to speak of the occasional Irish or Spanish adventurer rewarded with a *Goldschalk* might assert "civis Viuduoniensis sum", but the city remained both incoherent and melancholy. It was soaked in an obstinate fatalism, with none of the applied purpose or sustained mode of life which gave a recognizable character to Paris, Rome or London. The Vienna of Schindler and Hofmannthal—the Vienna, that is, which gave a tone of gaiety to a hundred musical comedies—was never itself gay, except in the sense of whistling to keep up a failing courage. The Viennese, moreover, were treacherous. True German from the North might be harsh and rude, but at least you knew where you were with them. The beautiful tin pan-al, windy city on the Danube almost always let down the trusting, so that when his time came Hitler seemed, in essence, an Austrian raised to the power of madness. And if the Vienna of the 1940s was a haunted city under its gaieties in *drei Viertel* took, so much the more haunted was the earlier Vienna which still remembered the menace of the Turks and the French under Napoleon, of the mob in 1848, and the centrifugal strains of a dissolving empire from Königgrätz on.

Furthermore, the Viennese were stupid; stupid in the way that the upper-class English were stupid in Edwardian times. They were not uncultivated or inarticulate; they maintained, however, a solid front of stupidity beneath the surface polish. In musical matters, they would perfectly have understood the ladies of 1900 or so, who spent hours singing glees round the piano, rendering "The Minstrel Boy" and "O, who will ever be the downy so free" with feeling, but totally unaware of music as

music. *Her Musical Heritage* is a piece of musicology. It is a history of music in Vienna for centuries, setting in a background of history and audience for whom it is written. The musician will find it the historian's infatuation: it will flinch from a man showing his like-minded opinion that there are common wells as ethical arguments for ing some order into the repulsive

Whatever their response to the Schrammel music of fiddle, bass, clarinet and accordion, helmed by the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Viennese consistently rejected the best music of the day. They lagged far behind the citizens of Prague in their welcome to Mozart. Not until he had been a success in London did Haydn catch the fancy of the Viennese in old age. Beethoven's *Fidelio* was withdrawn after three performances, and Viennese critics found the Eroica "wearisome, interminable, ill-knit". Schubert made no mark on the city until the last months of his life. Chopin was driven away to Paris; the Schumanns passed unheeded; Bruckner and Hugo Wolf likewise. Brahms, it is true, was accepted. But the receptivity of the Viennese stuck at that point. Schönberg was encouraged only to incoherence page after page of other men's light music. By the 1930s, certainly, Vienna had taken the music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to its heart. It even encouraged such rarities as a production of Wolf's *Der Corregidor*, at the Staatsoper. But it continued in its only tradition by resolutely turning away from contemporary music, unless some element of chic were attached to it, as with Krenek's *Jonny spielt auf*. Modern music was represented, if memory serves, chiefly by occasional performances of Debussy's *La Mer*, then a generation old.

It was on a much lower level that Viennese music came into its very own, the level of the waltz. Mr. Gartenberg devotes three chapters to the matter. It began as a test of physical energy. At the Mond-schneise—one of the more famous dance halls at the beginning of the nineteenth century—it was the fashion for young men to whirl their partners as fast as possible, with a jumping step, from one end of the hall to the other. The circuit had to be made six or



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Going away

Gregory has no intention of leaving school and going home and has decided to become a priest. Reduced to flailing anger by this incomprehensible plan, Jingala simply blames his white teachers and drags the weeping boy home with him. There is more to this than simply a confrontation between the horizons offered by education and the primitive life of the village. Gregory is in some ways a callow, cruel young man, and the ways of the village he scorns are upheld by beliefs as humane and civilized as any offered by the Catholic Church. Gregory must go back, though, and his defiance of Jingala's will be as necessary as it is

Other new novels

The story tells how young Aguil, the son of a princess of the old royal

important. The fact that, before his father's marriage, Jinguela is only consoled by the promise of having a new wife. Liz has finally reached puberty and is being prepared for marriage by the women of the village. She is playfully approached by a young man who has just returned from the South African mines, where account of the glories of life there are so touchingly exaggerated that Liz

Institutional agonies

Mr. Midwood's technique is crude—and effective—realism, used within

to whose narrative structure, Ulser is given in largely through Bodkin's perception and experience of the other characters. Bodkin is one of a group of watermen who are supposed to circulate and supervise the institution. This is a sympathetic and penetrating study of one who has been driven beyond shock into quietism. The tight-lipped epigrammatic disillusion of this appraisal, echoed by the similar bitterness of many of Mr. Hitchcock's characters, indicates something about the author's attitude: there is a certain wry enjoyment of the desolation in places. But it is not a serious enough limitation to detract from the skill and compassion with which he presents both Bodkin himself and the institution of which he forms part. The atmosphere and texture of life in Ulser are caught with disquieting authenticity, and the novel is a striking fictional complement to all those bare sociological studies of institutional living.

Arnold's essays

Lectures and Essays in Criticism (1962) printed Arnold's essays in chronological order, which was not, of course, the order of *Essays in Criticism*. First Series; it omitted "A Persian Passion Play", which was written in 1871 and added to the third edition of *Essays in Criticism* (1875) at the publisher's suggestion of new material to justify an increase in price; and it also contained "On the Study of Celtic Literature" and four other essays.

Emerson and Clouds

The Classical

The Classical

from Dr. Dainton for "specialization set on a broad base of intellectual achievement"; complaints from Lord Fulton that civil servants have been more concerned with the quality of a man's degree than its relevance to government; over such troubled waters Mr. Woodhouse guided his listeners in a speech of Attic clarity and wit.

He admitted that "The Classics" selected and adapted to the requirements of the Victorian age had not been for ever. But the classics are not irrelevant because we have changed; what has changed is the language.

Hitler's parade of innocence

of the Nordic race, and that
of the Jews. It is generally
known that the domination
there was that of Scheide-
man until he was killed in the
coup d'etat of November
1918. Rosenberg controlled
the [Swiss] newspaper, the *Völkischer
Beobachter*, during the 1930's.
His influence pretty steadily
increased as his rivals in the party
became scrupulous; unlike
himself always short of funds,
Rosenberg's organization was the
finest Nazi called *Ermächtigung*
in Berlin, who fought a running
battle through four years of
Nazi rule for independence of the
German people from the
Swiss Ami for his representation
abroad. In February, 1939, he
was in Switzerland, Ginzburg
murdered in Davos by

desperate Jewish youth called Frankfurter. This drew world attention to the past activities of Gustloff in Switzerland which the Swiss press had shown to have been wholly unacceptable. In the following month Neunrath, apparently taking advantage of this reverse suffered by Rohle, suggested that Rohle's representatives abroad should become party attaches in the German embassies and legations; they would thus have come under Neunrath's control. Apart from the nomination of a certain von Ribba to the German Legation in Bern in 1936, Rohle—backed by Rudolf Hess—repudiated this suggestion and early in 1937 won the next and final round by getting Hitler to appoint him as a member of the Auswärtiges Amt ex officio. It was indeed stated that he would attend the meetings of the Reichskabinett, those rubber-stamp occasions to which Hitler periodically summoned his Ministers. In fact there is no evidence that Rohle did ever attend such a meeting, and in the last two years before the war he lost prominence to the rival groups or cells.

The organization of the German minorities abroad into Nazi fifth columns naturally grew in importance as Hitler drew nearer to the war which his basic aims had always made inevitable. The history of the German *Volksgruppen*, which emerged mainly as the result of the disintegration of Austria-Hungary, is inordinately complicated. A *Volksbund für das Deutschtum im Ausland* was evolved under a *Reichsführer* called Hans Steinacher, very German-minded and prepared to do curious things in the name of *Kultur*. But the war was not sufficiently ruinous for the direct preparation of war, and he fibbed particularly at Hitler's callousness—in Italy, indeed, towards South Tyrol. Early in 1937, therefore, the V.D.A. was transformed into the *Volksdeutsche Mittelstelle* or V.O.M.I. under a senior SS officer, Werner Lorenz; in October, 1937, Steinacher was sent "on leave" for good.

An active part in this transformation was played by Touchin von Ribbentrop, a late-comer to the Nazi Party who had succeeded in making himself especially useful to the Filhrer originally by lending his house to Papen and Hitler to discuss their new government in January, 1933. Later his wife, wealthy, had won good English and French, and his indulgence of Hitler made Ribbentrop into a favorite. Hitler encouraged him to see various *Dienstadte* to report directly that is to say behind Neurath's back on foreign matters to the Filhrer; his office was only opened in 1934, then extended in 1936. Ribbentrop had reason to hope that he would, as he then did, succeed Neurath. People joined his staff on the assumption that he would make them part of a new Nazi Foreign Office. When at last

his diligence was rewarded, however, he took scarcely a third of his poorly qualified staff with him to the Wilhelmstrasse.

Meanwhile Hitler had been carrying out what Dr. Jacobson calls the strategy of "gründlose Selbstverharmlosung", a magnificent parade of innocence. Of course, he could not plunge straight into the war which his notions necessitated. While making his preparations for war he must make the world forget that war was implicit in all his assumptions. The more that he seemed to have become a man of peace in his utterances, the more people said that the responsibilities of office had changed his approach. It worked beautifully, indeed almost too well, for the Germans too were smothered into a state of mind which was not at all what Hitler needed once his weapons were ready. In the autumn of 1938 he found it necessary to instruct his journalists to counteract this lack of aggressiveness.

One of Hitler's major skills was the successful interplay of internal and foreign policy. In the winter of 1935-36 the Churches in Germany were re-exalting National Socialism to some effect. Then in March he reutilized the Rhineland, an action which almost every German instinctively approved of, whether it was breach of the Locarno Agreements or not—any sympathy with the Churches was obliterated. Again, two years later there was, some criticism, even dismay, in a fairly narrow circle over the way in which Blomberg and Neurath had been dismissed and the last brakes upon totalitarian rule lifted. But popular excitement over the annexation of Austria blotted out conservative hesitations.

the same ways the propaganda of Goebbels was the most powerful instrument of Hitler's foreign policy, shouting with resounding triumph in the press and on the wireless over the Rhineland and over Austria. The essence of the Nazi method—whether the orator were Hitler or Goebbels—was the two unrivalled masters of Nazi propaganda techniques—was the use of inordinate praise or abuse. Every one must be seen to be a hundred per cent friend or enemy. There was nothing between the categories, German or Jew, Nazi or communist, and so on. This became an essential doctrine to be inculcated in all the Nazi educational and training establishments; in the schools and the army; of course, but most of all in the *Hitlerjugend*, *Ordnungsjugend*, *Junkers*, *hitler*, and the *Schulungshaus* organized by Rosenberg's *Aussenpolitisches Amt*. The first stage of the militarization of Germany's youth, Dr. Jacobson points out, occurred at the end of 1935 when Hitler ordered the *Erziehungs*—the making more efficient and tough—of all young Germans between ten and eighteen: the new training was to take place outside school.

The climax of Dr. Jacobsen's study

is the section headed "Übergang zur Expansion 1936-1938". This began with German participation in the "Spanish" Civil War, action brought about originally by Bohle and his colleagues. This, Dr. Jacobsen shows, was Bohle's only real success, for he signally failed to absorb most Germans living abroad into his organization. Dr. Jacobsen does not accept what has become almost a traditional view, that Germany intervened in Spain to acquire experience in battle, for he thinks, this is to put the cart before the horse. He is curiously silent about Hitler's relations with Mussolini, putting more emphasis on the German link with Japan in the anti-Comintern Pact. Apart from the Italian link in Berlin in December, 1935, about renouncing Liucarno, Italy is rarely mentioned except for a few Italian agents. That hint, however, was pregnant with the Rome-Berlin Axis.

The great turning point, the *Buchenwieser* says, occurred in the adoption of a policy of force on November 5, 1937. Dr. Jacobsen connects with the Olympic Games fifteen months earlier, not with any action of Mussolini's. But he states specifically that Hitler now felt strong enough to assert before a small secret meeting of his closest political and military advisers that his object was the forcible conquest of *Lebensraum* to the east. This had been his aim as long as he had had one, but in order to achieve it he had hitherto had to deny it. Hitler now ordered his army chiefs to draw up their first blueprint for aggression (against Czechoslovakia, which was completed on December 21, 1937. Neurath and Blomberg, who had for so long shirked the logical consequences of

Nazi doctrine, did protest on November 5; within a few months Hitler did himself of them. Mistakably Dr. Jacobson reckons that Hitler was now five times as strong as in 1933, and all the circumstances support Dr. Jacobson's interpretation. It is always possible to say that Hitler did not seriously mean what he said those day, one of the days when everything suggests that he did. Because Hitler had so frequently and fluently lied on other occasions it is easy to throw out irresponsible suggestions about November 5, 1937, but they cannot be accepted when their improbability is so great. The morals of Nazi lies with intent in deicide is a highly dangerous one because anyone trying to be smart may choose to accede to any of these lies as the truth, regardless of the circumstantial evidence. This has happened in the case of the Sudeten-German leader Henlein too. Probably Henlein was a fervent Nazi very early on, but in order to be able to play the politician in Czechoslovakia he was obliged to feign moderation for some years. He was therefore attacked by many extreme Nazis, and Dr. Jacobson quotes Steinacker's unpublished diary showing that Henlein was disturbed by this. But because he was

disturbed by personal attacks there is no proof that he was not himself already a keen Nazi when he first received funds from Berlin not later than 1934.

The Czechoslovak story, like the Axis one, seems a little neglected by Dr. Jacobsen; perhaps he again feels that too much has already been published on this subject. One would have liked to have had his opinion about the German-Czech confrontation in May, 1938: according to the Czechoslovak records Prague was convinced that some form of German ultimatum had taken place, but only the Czechoslovaks from Dr. Jacobsen than the Czechoslovaks and Austrians were marked down on November 5, 1937, to be cleared away as the first obstacles in Hitler's march of conquest across the neighbouring states into Russia. After sections about Nazi ideology, Dr. Jacobsen ends with a conclusion on the new racial order Hitler intended to establish in Europe. This programme came near to realization during the last war; indeed it was carried out to the extent that millions of Jews, Poles and Russians were murdered as belonging to worthless races. Superior Germans were settled in western Poland, but the war with Russia prevented a further extension of German colonization to the east. In the end Hitler enormously strengthened that communism which he had so violently denounced. Indeed his excessive denunciation was such that men like Franklin Roosevelt were prepared to accept the Soviet Union almost without criticism.

Dr. Jacobson's account of Nazi foreign policy is based upon the most untiring and extensive research. He is open-minded and just in his approach, and he has no axe to grind. One can only think of two statements to qualify neither of much importance. The assassin of Barthou and of Alexander of Yugoslavia was certainly not a Serb, and the Little Entente came into existence without a French initiative. *Nationalsozialistische Ausenpolitik 1933-1938* is filled out with every kind of table and chronology; yet from the English reader's point of view it is not well organized, for there is too much repetition, particularly about the German minorities to the east and south, and the League already mentioned. The bibliography is also totally unselective and therefore less helpful than it might have been. There is an index of persons and a subject index, but neither is differentiated. Thus the number of figures which follow the names of Hitler, Hess, Neurath, Ribbentrop, Rosenberg, and even Bohle makes them useless. In the *Verzeichnis* of names applied to "Auswärtiges Amt," even "Grossbritannien" is repeated in all things which could easily be put right in an English translation which is greatly to be hoped for, since nothing so authoritative has appeared or is likely to appear in English.

Signor Altavilla is a special correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera*. He claims to speak seven languages and, since no name of a translator appears on the title page of *The Art of Spying*, it is to be presumed he counts English as one of these. He might like to be warned for the future that to English call the least appropriate adjective to apply to Hitler is "diffident" means disbelieving and that it by no means a compliment to call the head of a counter-espionage service nervous. He retells a number of fairly well-known stories about Wennerström, Lönswäde, Abels, the Krogers, Penkovsky and Blum without adding anything significant to what is known already. The stories are decorated with illustrative allusions from history ancient and modern which would be more impressive if more accurate—for example if he knew the difference between Pythias and Polybius. But the market for spy stories remains firm, and for those who like them served up in popular form this is a hook which will suit both their taste and their

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ies for all markets

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...and less convincing. The fatal accident at the Security Service headquarters, introduced by Mr. D. ... of a brief German report on British police in 1938, to September. There is a good deal of ... document but it is doubtful if it really deserved ... treatment. A résumé, ... of the more significant ... might, well have ... of history.

which from 1933 onwards was attached loosely to the Air Ministry under Göring. Like many secret organizations in many countries it built itself a private empire in which it kept itself and its clients happy with the products of telephone tapping and the deciphering of diplomatic telegrams. One of its earliest successes, in 1934, was in obtaining for Göring the information he wanted against Rohm. As war approached it turned more and more to external targets.

That the Germans were able to read a large number of diplomatic encipherings of their enemies, potent enemies, allies and neutrals, has been known for some time. The full treatment of the subject is in Mr. Kahn's voluminous work, *The Codebreakers*, which includes a section on the *Furshengarten* as well as on the deciphering sections of the army services and of the Foreign Office. The result is lavishly illustrated in a document here reproduced. Officially, indeed, it strikes a rather superficial note. To take an early example, after Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham

the occupation of Prague and said the Germans would live bitterly to regret it, what was the point of quoting the Bulgarian Ambassador's glimpse of the obvious in a telegram to his government, that the speech marked Chamberlain's abandonment of his Munich policies? The very next sentence reported Lord Halifax as saying in the House of Lords that Munich was "a tragic error": this surely defined a declaration is whimsically noted as "confirming" Montchilloff's report. It is not that the expert decipherers wanted to show how clever they were but rather a more serious disease: Intelligence: the tendency to give value to a piece of information not because of its intrinsic importance but in proportion to the difficulty of acquiring it.

For all their obsession with the speciality, however, the *Fürsichung* unit managed to put together a pretty accurate account of British diplomatic manoeuvres between the occupation of Prague and the outbreak of war. They seem to have read the Balkan diplomatic ciphers with

and French efforts to build up a anti-German front in south-eastern Europe. The drama heights in the last days of August, when the telephone-tapping branch reaped a valuable harvest of insecure telephone conversations by Sir Neville Henderson and members of his embassy staff.

There are one or two points where the process of translation from Rumanian or Turkish through German into English has produced odd expressions. Generally the translation and editing seem reliable, though a disturbing doubt arises when considering the facsimile of the title-page of the document with the deciphering by Mr. Watt. It is addressed, he says, to "U. S. Secretaries Am1", which he translates as "Under State Secretary Foreign Ministry", on a typewriter with a German Gothic type-face. The abbreviation for *Unterstaatssekretär* in U.S. is "Vst", what appears on the facsimile is "Vst1", and it is in a Roman type-face. The point must appear small one, but the reader who knows the discrepancy before his eyes must wonder how accurate is the editing.

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